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joyed, and the necessity which they must perceive to exist of making themselves fully acquainted not only with those branches to which he should have more immediately to direct their attention, but to all the various studies and sciences which now stand so closely connected with their profession. He observed, that at the present moment a vast press of mind was brought to bear upon the subject, and that, with the exception of Ireland, there was scarcely a country which was not putting forward its claims to some discovery calculated to benefit the human race. He would, however, observe, as there might be some persons connected with the press present, who would probably mention the circumstance, that even in Ireland the science was not altogether at a stand—that even here many rather important discoveries had been made. He alluded to several physicians and surgeons in this city, as among those whose industry and research had enabled them to add considerably to the stock of knowledge connected with their profession—and mentioned some experiments which had been successfully made in the treatment of various diseases. In noticing some of the best things introduced into the *Materia Medica*, he mentioned opium—the use of which he recommended to the attention of the students present, as having been found successful in cases completely dissimilar, if not directly opposite. Having referred to the mistakes made by practitioners, in taking one disease for another, more especially in children, the form or appearance of whose heads, he said, often led medical men to treat them for diseases with which they are not affected—he made some very pleasing observations on comparative anatomy, and again urged upon the attention of the students, the advantages derivable from a perfect acquaintance with physiology and pathology—showing how the laws of nature always acted true to themselves, which was particularly demonstrated in the similarity existing between the structure of man and that of the superior orders of the brute creation. He concluded by a very pretty allusion to that passage in Holy Writ, in which we are told, “God made man in his own image,”—by which, he observed, we could not by any means understand the mere corporeal structure, but that reason, whose faculties made him like a god upon the earth, and gave him the ruling of all inferior creatures. We have said, and we repeat our opinion, that we take Doctor Graves to be a fair pattern of what a lecturer should be. He has a ready, off-hand delivery, and the appearance of a decided acquaintance with the subject before him. As there is still room for improvement, however, we would, in addition to what we have already suggested, recommend in future, less of that flourish and that anxiety to appear clever, which characterised him in the course of this lecture.

SONGS FOR THE SORROWFUL.—No. I.

Muse on the past ! muse on the past !
 Oh yes ! beside the moaning stream,
 When twilight dews are falling fast,
 My soul shall lapse into a dream—
 A wild dream of the past !

Of friends who said they loved—of foes
 Less cruel far than friends deceiving,
 A heart that knew—yet trusted—those,
 And almost broke while still believing !
 Is this indeed the past ?

Aye—but as earth's dark vapours, seen
Afar in heaven, seem gilt with glory,
 So memory robes in glittering sheen
 The *distant* woes of youthful story—
 A sun-light on the past !

And there were joys,—the simple mind,
 The mirror of the passing hour,—
 Whose pure thoughts, like the playful wind,
 Bore perfume off from every flower !
 Oh happy, guileless past !

The infant's bird-like song unchecked,
 The lone walk in the leafy grove,
 The nosegay culled,—the bow'net decked,—
 The word of peace,—the look of love,—
 Ah ! why are these—the past ?

And then—as childhood waned, the *ONE*
 With whom unseen we loved to share
 (Nor knew we loved,) each joy, and run
 Alone amid the summer air !
 The first love of the past !

And then—cease, torturer, memory !
 Though Time perhaps has softened pain,
 It cannot force the fire to flee,
 That dries my heart, and sears my brain !
 Oh call not back the past !

Or if thou wilt,—of her be dumb,
 And rend not quite my bursting breast ;
 Sigh—weep—but oh ! let *her* not come
 Between a wither'd soul and rest !
 Be that *indeed* the past !

Weep then the past !—weep for the past !
 When smiling lips and sparkling eyes—
 All, all that charms, and *seems* to last,
 Were rainbows for our morning skies—
 A sad tear for the past !

Sigh for the past !—sigh for the past !
 The vanished dreams of joy and youth ;
 Ere Time, the wizard dark, had cast
 His spell, and called the mockery, truth !
 A deep sigh for the past !

W. A. B. Trin. Col.

PERSONAL SKETCH—SIR EDWARD SUGDEN.

The solicitor-general for England, when he divests himself of his wig and gown, and is so indiscreet as to leave the court of chancery, and enter the house of commons, is one of the plainest little men in the world. "*Optat ephippia Bos piger*," applies forcibly to the learned gentleman ; and, certainly, but for its usual occurrence, it might appear strange that the individual should aspire to a character, in which he can never shine ; and that the government should appoint him to a situation, for the parliamentary duties of which, at least, he is by nature peculiarly unfitted. But this is the age of wonders. And while the merchants of Liverpool have almost annihilated time and space ; and are, as it is gravely said, projecting companies to convey passengers to the moon—our ministry, the Duke—is working miracles equally won-